

As
THE
Adventures
OF A
Hackney Coach;
D

THE FIFTH EDITION.

with Additions and Improvements.

— Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of justice! —

— And thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous! —

— Close pent-up quilts
Rive your concealing continents!

Shakespeare.

London:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, N^o 46, Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXXIII.

Price ~~1s~~ Sewed



THE
ADVENTURES
OF A
HACKNEY-COACH.

“NO, no, by Jupiter, we’ll take a seat in this new-fangled carriage, with the King’s arms”. Says a smart fellow to his companion, who I afterwards found to be

A GAMBLER.

In this world of glitter and ostentation, what gay fellow would trudge a street’s length, when he could visit his friends for

B

a shil-

a shilling in a smart carriage, with the arms of the monarch of England on it.

This freedom our hackney painters make with the Herald's-office, is at once bold and lucrative; and should a stranger visit London in another year, he will be led to imagine the King in possession of as many carriages as Sir Joshua Reynolds of pictures.

This species of ingenuity is taking such unlimited strides, that, no doubt, by and by, if we attend to the veracity of the watermen at Westminster-bridge, we may expect to find the very barge Cleopatra cut such a brilliant appearance in, on the Cydnus, in waiting to take us to Vauxhall-gardens at nine-pence a head.

O Lon-

O London! London! what a redundancy of genius thy fertile inhabitants inherit. Cast but an eye around, what uncommon means we see of getting a splendid livelihood;—from the redoubtable Mr. Tiffin, bug-destroyer to his Majesty, in the Strand, to his imperial pen-cutter in Fleet-street.

Precedency, before he ventures into thy bustling multitude, must smooth his terrific brow, and suspend his authoritative voice.

Mark that porter;—with what indignity he shoulders the knight of the blue ribbon off the flags. The fellow sweats beneath his burden, and he gives distinctions to the wind.—

But let me look at this bill you have got, George?---I never heard of the person it is drawn on,——Charles Stewart, banker, Charing-Cross.

It must certainly be an imposition. Do you know the person's character you got it from?"

Ay, ay, Dick Starboard is a very honest fellow. He and I was playing cribbage a few days ago at Portsmouth, and I won fifty pieces from him, which he could not immediately pay me; so he gave me this draft on Mr. Stewart, a very old gentleman at Charing cross.

"He is a man", he told me, "of public note, and unimpeachable character, and has been so for many years."

To

To cut this matter short, my good reader, they made strict enquiry for this unknown banker, from Spring Gardens to the Horse Guards, and from Scotland-yard to Northumberland-house, and all to no effect.

While they were ruminating over the note, a chairman was going by, who happened to be a shrewd Hibernian: "Hol-lo, honesty," says one, "do you know Mr. Stewart, a banker in this quarter?"

"Yes, perfectly well, by my shoul; he has stopped payment, the house is closed, and I believe it will never open again.

"By St. Patrick, now you are two very great fools; arrah, don't you see the whifkered

kered gentleman himself, yonder, on is long-tailed pickeerer." (pointing to the equestrian statue of the martyred Monarch)

My companions were so confused at this take-in, that they left me with less spirits than when they took their seat.

I could not help wishing the whole nefarious tribe who worship the four aces, and the spotted bones, a disappointment equally distressing.

These were my first companions since I rolled to my stand after my present elegant appearance, and I sincerely hope they may be the worst.

The

The next morn I took up

A FORTUNATE SOLDIER.

Delighted *Contemplatist*, whose early footsteps meet returning *Hesper* in his orient care; when he opes the fleecy curtains of *Aurora*, and gives to thy raptured view the radiant beauties of her charms!—thou that hast oft beheld this lovely image with *Shakespearean* transport, behold the chearful, the happy companion of my present journey!—see is there aught more animated in *her* countenance, than you behold in *his*!

Ere the *sun* rose from his beloved *Tbetis*,
and woke the vivid harbingers of *morn*,
was this pilgrim of military toil preparing
for

for the duty of the day. Busy in the *soldier's* labour, anxious to meet the voice of praise, in neatness and approved discipline. To purchase, with his utmost art, the smile of stern command.

Behold the bright reward of *virtue*! and the loyal bosom's *victory*!—Ere he had marched from the parade to his duty for the day, the *cherub* of *celestial* gratulation put into his commander's hand an order for his immediate discharge, and an account of an extensive fortune bequeathed him by a wretched son of *Adam*, his near *kinsman*: whose avarice would not suffer him to shield the worth of his progenitors, in an honest *soldier*, from the calamities of *war*, and the shafts of *adversity*, till he died.

Hear

Hear him relate the happy tidings, and the melting story of his life, to his exulting companions.

“ When my affectionate *father* died, his little inheritance became the property of a *Peer*, who paid no attention to the sufferings the heavy loss of it occasioned. I petitioned for my dear *mother's* sake, but he was silent.—The languid voice of *poverty* is too weak to reach the ear of *courtly magnificence* : or, if it does, the intention to relieve is lost the next hour in the turn of a die at *Arthur's* or *Almack's*.

This oddity of avarice, so munificent in death, opened his comfortless asylum to my venerable and excellent *parent*, while his niggard heart

"Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild,"

Exposed to the severities of nameless indigence.

Bred to no profession, my destiny led me to the field of arms: a little use inured me to the toil, and *victory* whispered me something might be gained by a steady perseverance in her laurelled track, and the sword of valor. Though my beating heart considered her voice fallacious, I followed her through hosts of warfare; heedless of approaching danger, and panting for the achievement of some memorial of dauntless enterprise, I harrassed my constitution, and sunk into the meagre arms of *Discontent*, and bitter reflection, without a single manubial trophy.

Oft

Oft have I beheld illustrious *Granby*
brandish the laurel-wreathed sword of *Con-*
quest, and rush amidst the foe, with the
tears of *Humanity* flowing o'er the smiles of
Victory.—Immortal *chieftain*! where shall
we seek thy fellow?

Resigned to the couch of hardship, on
which my weary senses slumbered the prime
of my days; I courted no exchange from
Fortune.

The excursive meditations of the mid-
night centinal, as he takes his patient
walk, surpasses the dreaming luxury of the
most happy on the imperial bed of *pomp*
and *magnificence*.

I shall find it a hard task, I fear, to re-

store me to the customary allotment of time, in rest and exercise, I experienced in my youth.

Next to the pleasure I feel in the ample sufficiency *Fortune* has given me, of assisting those around me; allied by blood, and the congenial feelings of *Humanity*; I feel another take possession of my bosom with thrilling transport, on quitting military toil, I mean *Liberty*.

To be veteranized now is a painful circumstance to the unhappy man above licking the dust from his superior's feet: who views in the little *mirror* of his *musquet* the scars of hard-earned honor and valorous intrepidity.

There was a time, ere nobles of sunshine

shine became *Generals*, and the imperious youth bore the *spontoon* and *British ensign*; when an old *soldier* could find some consolation for his years of hardship, in lenient and merciful *Commanders*, who knew the value of the gem, nor despised him for his age.

What an incentive to good discipline! what a firm chain of indissoluble friendship was then to be seen! the *victor's* brow was worthy of its *laurel*, and consenting *armies* viewed it as the prize of *illustrious renown*!

I am now retiring from the busy scene to the seat of my fathers, where a considerable inheritance will soften the remainder of my journey through this vale
of

of *sorrow* and *disappointment* ; where the tears of this morning will not be found on the face of to-morrow ; and the balm of *Heaven* drops on the bosom of *Virtue*, and my amiable *Mother* ; its *healing restorative*.

“ Come, thou brave and faithful companion of my life”, addressing his *comrade*, “ thou shalt share my inheritance ! thou hast been unto me as a *brother* ; we have bustled in the fluctuating scenes of an *hostile world*, for many years ; and it would be an inglorious deed to separate us now !——thy discharge shall be instantly purchased, and thou shalt be my companion in rural tranquillity”.——Thy greatness of soul, cannot be too much admired, thought I ; may the *Olive of Peace* and the *Palm of Ho-*

nor long flourish round thy brows ; may
Content and *Harmony* long smile in thy hal-
 cyon *asylum*, and the refreshed *traveller*
 point to it as the seat of virtue, concord,
 and terrestrial *happiness*.

A few days after I took up

DOCTOR M***n.

This renowned pulpiteer had not been
 many minutes seated beside a friend of his,
 when a publication that has made much
 noise since, became the principal topic of
 their converse.

The Doctor's arguments were as ingeni-
 ous then, as his writings have confirmed
 him since ; yet, notwithstanding this blaze
 of

of fame, it were much better if this child of his fertile genius was buried in the regal mosque of Mahomet : for notwithstanding we are Mahometans in more senses than one, instead of reclaiming or working a reformation in the most fickle people in the universe, it will have quite a contrary effect.

To say Thelyphthora is not a work of extensive genius, and amazing erudition, would shew more of the critical assassin than the equitable judge.

There is one barrier, though a weak one, in favor of the community at large ; the price of this voluminous work shuts out three-fourths of the literary race of beings from studying the doctrine, report,
with

with a degree of inveteracy, insists on it inculcates.

I cannot by any means think the most exceptionable page of it of that pernicious tendency, a great number who have, and more who have not read it, make a noise about: but as our heads are easily turned in this island, in my opinion it would be much better to let 'em stand still.

Returning from leaving an inebriated May-maid at her lodging, I was stopped to take up

A CITIZEN AND HIS FAMILY.

“ 'Tis surprizing, Mr. Waddle,” says an unwieldly woman, “ you will not help the little ones into the coach; I am sure

D

there

there is not a lord in the King's dominions can boast of finer children, and you pay no more attention to them than if they were just imported from the court of Lilliput.

“Here, Bobby, hand that bottle to the coachman, to put into one of the pockets of the coach, that's the tea, my dear; and this is the punch, put it in the other: you shall carry the bread and cheese in your handkerchief, and your father must carry the ham.”

“Not I truly,” says the sweet smiling cit, “you may carry it yourself, or let it alone.”

“Ay, ay, it's always the way, I must
bear

bear the burden, though my heart were to break with the fatigue. Coachman, drive to the two-shilling gallery."

"Two shilling gallery:—of what place, mistress?"

"O la!" says my fat companion with a horse laugh, that put her frowning spouse into good humour, "that was a great mistake! go to Common Garden theatre."

I judged, at the first appearance of the tea, punch, bread, cheese, and ham, that my company were going to administer comfort to some petitioner of misery, who had been a faithful servant to them in his days of health of cheerfulness; but the two-shilling gallery settled the matter at once.

“ You are always in such a hurry, Mr. Waddle, that half the things are forgot we should bring with us ; I have left the cakes for the children behind me, on the tea-table, and I am sure they will be hungry in an hour at farthest.”

“ Zounds ! wife, you cram your brats as poulterers cram capons for Newgate market, every hour in the day ; while you are negligent of a more essential attention to them. Bobby, there, has got the rickets, indulging him with sitting continually in his childhood ; and Sally must wear a train to her gown as long as she lives, to hide her legs ; and all owing to your abominable nursing.

“ The other day Sophy was near being
killed,

killed, owing to your tying her up in that cursed little phaeton that overset.

“ But cramming them, is the highest degree of your maternal tenderness ; every other attention must give way to this filthy custom.

“ There’s my neighbour, Mrs. Lovejoy, who is as fond of her children as you can possibly be ; you see ’em lovely and well-proportioned, the admiration of the whole parish when they go to church ; you see she does not gorge ’em in this manner : but I know who will feel most anguish in the end ; your house will be taken as much notice of when your girls are marriageable, as the discordant parson of our parish, and none will do us the honor of
a visit

a visit but the knight-errants of fortune, that will worship their golden dowers, and when Hymen ties the indissoluble knot, will resign them to the hideous arms of bitter indifference."

I lost the rejoinder to this embittered lecture, as the coachman let down the step when it was concluded ; but I could observe a suffusion of indignation of more than ordinary magnitude flaming in my female companion's countenance.

I have heard this ridiculous affection complained of more than once, but I am prevented from moralizing, for, this moment, I see a woman, who, no doubt, thinks herself a miracle of maternal tenderness, pouring a sup of gin down the
throat

throat of her infant, in one of the delicious cordial shops, where the children of penury lose their afflictions sacrificing at the shrine of the juniper-berry.

TWO MUSICIANS

Took a seat in me this evening, whose adventure is of so singular a kind that it deserves to be recorded.

There is an old and an excellent adage, "necessity is the mother of invention"; these adventurers were perfect masters of this lesson, and by their own account benefited surprisingly by it.

The father of one is a quaker, and a niggard to the core of his heart.

The

The father of the other is a strict disciple of the renowned Mr. Romaine's; parsimonious in every thing but his good council, which he is lavish in bestowing on the profligate youths of his acquaintance.

The son of Aminidab possesses, with a charming voice, an excellent heart; too apt to melt at another's sufferings;—but that is the fault of nature, if it can be called such:—be it as it will, he is distinguished by the truly pious as a very feeling young man, who is always too liberal:—this, taken in a religious sense, signifies extravagance in the extreme:—for, a prayer from those sanctified beings amounts to the very same value of a bishop's blessing, not excepting his Grace of Canterbury, and his
mu ft

must be confessed the first human benediction—setting the strings of harmony in the soul perfectly in tune—soothing the enanguished bosom—giving strength and hilarity to the heart long steeped in the current of misfortune—and finally, to make the climax terminate with magnificent propriety, putting money in the pocket long a stranger to any thing like the charming semblance.

By the less religious part of his intimates he is called a damned honest fellow.

The proper explanation of this compliment (for a compliment it is, and a very estimable one too let me tell you, gentle reader) introduces you to a bon vivant—a man whose purse is open to the sons and

E

daugh-

daughters of calamity—who can observe in the smallest channel from the eyes, without the assistance of spectacles, or the well-adjusted glass of folly, whether a tear was taking its course to add to the ocean of misery.

My other companion partook so much of the same likeness, that I shall cease to give any farther description of either.

This afternoon these young worthies, who have been companions since their venerable school-mistress shook her bladder of peas over their little heads, which was her method (and a very mild one too) of commanding peace among her oft-times refractory pupils, meeting a disappointment in

in pursuit of money, hit upon a whimsical scheme to raise it.

They disguised themselves, and repaired towards the dusk of the evening to Saint James's, Grosvenor, and Berkeley squares, where one played the flute, and the other accompanied him with his voice in such an enchanting manner, that in the course of three hours they collected near six pounds.

The ladies, sweet souls, were their best benefactors——and who is it in the tribe of indigence that has not basked in the sun-shine of their munificence?—they one and all reduced it to a certainty that our musicians were strolling players out of employ. For none of the ballad or Florio

36 THE ADVENTURES OF

harmonists within their memories sung so perfectly in tune.

If I was pleased with the oddity of this ramble, I was much more so in accompanying them to the house where they changed their garb.

My vocal companion hearing a voice at the corner of the Hay-market, that was once harmonious, but was now warbling the dissonant musick of a sad heart, felt a glow of commiseration instantly, and popping his head out of me, called her to him, and gave her a crown, desiring her to go home, and make herself comfortable.

Poor Cecilia, I believe, took his advice, for I observed her and her two little

ones

ones trot away with heels as light as the sportive family of Cheerfulness--I was going to say hearts---till Poverty stared me in the face, and told me she had not done with 'em, for she had a long account to settle with 'em yet.

This evening about nine o'clock I was called to the Smyrna coffee-house, to take up four

WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS.

They desired the coachman to drive over Westminster-bridge to

NEWINGTON.

We had not got to the end of Pall-mall when one of my companions said to the others,

38 THE ADVENTURES OF

others, with a sportive tone of voice,
“Come, boys, let us begin.”

They instantly dressed themselves in black cloaths, and every necessary befitting mourners at a funeral.

The singularity of equipping themselves in this manner puzzled me for some time ; but in a few minutes I gathered from their discourse the intent of this extraordinary whimsey.

The coachman, who is as arrant a rascal as ever insulted modesty, and caressed villainy, a few evenings prior to this used some scurrilous language to two of my companions, when he found they would not comply with an overcharge in his fare : which the youths did not forget, and were re-

resolved to punish him without danger of a prosecution. Upon which one of them devised this whimsical turn of revenge.

The night was very favorable for carrying their scheme into execution, for it was uncommonly dark, and very still. 'Twas such a night as I remember to have read a beautiful account of in Apollonius Rhodius, thus translated :

Night on the earth pour'd darkness ; on the sea
The wakeful sailer to Orion's star
And Helice turn'd heedful. Sunk to rest,
The traveller forgot his toil ; his charge,
The centinel ; her death-devoted babe
The mother's painless breast.—The village-dog
Had ceas'd his troublous bay : each busy tumult
Was hush'd at this dead hour ; and darkness slept,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.

To

To terrify him the more, they wore linen hat-bands and scarfs, instead of crape. When we had got to the loneliest part of Saint George's fields, they called to the coachman to stop, as they wanted to do what the immortal madame de Rambouliet did before them beside her sentimental priest.

They marked the side the coachman came to open the door of, and he that sat next the other door opened it at the same time.

What the coachman felt on seeing the first mourner move out with the greatest solemnity, can be better conceived than expressed ;——but what were his terrors when the second approached him, a majestic

tic spare figure about six feet perpendicular, who passed him (as did the first) without speaking a word.

As fast as one youth got out, he went round, stepped into me, and came out a second time.

In this manner they continued, till the coachman, if he had the power of counting, might have told forty.

When they had passed out of me seemingly to the number of twenty, the poor devil fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy's sake the King of Terrors would not suffer any more of his apparitions to appear; for though he had a multitude of sins to account for, he had a wife and a

F

large

large charge of children, who depended upon his earnings for support.

The tallest of my companions, in a hoarse tone of voice, asked him what was his heaviest sin?—he replied, committing a lodger of his, a poor carver and gilder, to the Marshalsea, for rent due to him, which the badness of the times, and his business in particular, would not enable him to pay: he would not have confined him so long, but in revenge for a severe beating he got from him one day, they fell to loggerheads and boxed: he had been six months in captivity, and he understood from a friend of his the other day, that he made out a miserable living by making brewer's pegs, bungs for their barrels, and watch-maker's skewers.

My

My companion told him, if he did not instantly sign his discharge, which he would write, he might rest assured of no mitigation of the dreadful punishment he would go through in a few minutes ; for those he had seen come out of his coach were his harpies in disguise, and were now in readiness to bear him to the infernal regions.

The trembling villain, without hesitation, complied. One of my companions fortunately having a pen and ink, the king of terrors wrote the discharge in a fair leaf of his pocket-book, as well as he could in the dark, and made him sign it.

Having done which, they told him he

would find his coach in less than an hour either in Piccadilly or Oxford-street.

Two of my companions mounted the box, while the other two got into me, and away they drove to the Marshalsea.

In their way there they stopped till they had taken off their disguise.

The youth who had the discharge, after making a collection among the others, went into the prison and gave the poor fellow what set him at liberty next morning.

We arrived in Oxford Street before the coachman, where they left me congratulating themselves on the last adventure much more than the former; all happy to a degree of rapture in being instrumental in obtaining the captive's liberty.

In

In about a quarter of an hour after they left me the coachman arrived, mounted the box, and drove me home, muttering the bitterest execrations, and damning his father confessor for bilking him of half a guinea which he gave him that morning for an absolution, that was to have rubbed out the entire score of his transgressions.

AN EAST-INDIA VOLUNTEER.

“Oceans will soon seperate us ; let me conjure you, my dear *Charles*,” says his weeping sister, “to think of your poor *Emily* often, when you take a solitary walk in that distant clime—think on the many hours of felicity we passed in the Elysian shades of *Silver Brook*——your sister will
oft

oft indulge herself with gazing on thy contemplative image in the mirror of her fancy——oft when our cheerful companions assemble round the blazing hearth will I look for the lively fallies of your converse——tell the convivial circle to remember him that oft indulged them with his pathetic recital of *Le Fevre's divine story*——O *Charles* ! when I think on these things my tears will follow.”

“ Fear not, sweet *Emily*,” says the dejected emigrant, “ nor time, nor distance, shall ever seperate thy lovely image from me—*Torick's* flame for his beloved *Eliza* never burned brighter——I will wait with the same restless spirit for thy endearing letters ; they shall be the solace of my life,

life, as I journey on——and if I should die, my last breath shall bedew them.”

“ My poor mother,” says *Emily*, “ desired me, when I gave you my last kiss, to give you her picture ; she requests you will wear it for her sake——her grief was so great when she left her benediction on your lips, that she forgot to give it herself——Farewel——remember your poor *sister*.”

May Heaven be propitious to him, said I, as I returned with the disconsolate maid, and send him to thy embraces, as virtuous as he has left thee, with a fortune acquired by the sword of *valor* and *humanity*. There are too many *fends* of *Mammon* in that region, the terror of the industrious

In-

Indian—and the everlasting shame of Britain.

Returning from leaving a poor emaciated wretch at St. Martin's workhouse, this evening, I was stopped to take up

A JEW AND A SHARPER.

"It is as difficult to close a bargain with you, Mr. Noah Mordecai," says my ambidexter companion, "as with the unconscionable Justice of Clerkenwell Close : watches, in particular, you reduce to the price of Oxlade's ballad edition of Shakespeare's plays."

"Like enough, like enough, my good friend ; I musn't buy to be a sufferer, I finds it very deefficult to get off thesh
great

great pargains you think sho much about : dere ish more vatches den buyers in the world, and if it vas not vor von of our peoples who puts de 'Thurkish dial-plates to 'em, and makes shome other nechesshary alterations, we might as well think of shelling the Pope's pontificalibus with impunity in the Shardinian ambashador's chapel in Duke-street. Theesh are damned hard times, Mr. Filsh, shad times indeed. Vat ish it I offered you ?" " Five guineas." " Vell, I viil geef you shix geeneesh, and run the hazhard ; it's a great deal of monish to be sure, but we are old acquaintances, and musht ashist each other."

" Do you call it assisting me, Mr. Mor-decai, when I give you three times the value for your money ; this may pass for

G

friend-

friendship in Duke's Place, but would appear very paradoxical at M——'s rendezvous in Bow-street.

"Come, let me have it to say I met with one of your illustrious tribe superior to all the rest in fair dealing; let me have the other guinea.

"The watch is a pretty little bauble, and will suit the taste of one of your female customers."

"Dat ish de very ting I offer you sho much monish for it; dere ish a ladysh maid in Cavendish square dat wants such a ting; she ish to be married in a few daysh to von of my cushtomers in Roshmary lane, a fellow ash old ash de high priest of our sheenagogue, and vort a
dee-

deefelish deal of monish, and she vants to be a little reshpectable; I vill geef you half a geence more, and dat ish a great deal, Mr. Filsh. De lasht vatch I bought from you vash a very bad one; but it being a shmall shize, I put Mishter Graham's name to it, and shold it to an ignoramussh Peer, who would not be shatisfied vit any other, though de vatch I took in exchange vash a vasht deal beather. I am very shuc-cesshful vid teesh foolish peoples, who cannot tink time ever blessed de labours of any man but Tompion, or Graham, while von of our peoples, who lives in a garret in Houndsditch, can finish a vatch vit more elegance and better vorkmanship.

“ I makes a creat deal of monish now

G 2

and

and den by vatches and pictures in this manner.

“Here ish de monish for you.”——
The bargain was instantly struck between ‘em; Mr. Filch alight at the lodgings of prostitution as alert as if honesty handed him out of me, and my long-bearded Israelite, after bestowing half a dozen smiles on his bargain, with a few warm expressions of transport—“Dish be one creat pargain! shix geenees profit at leasht! very cood, very cood!” beckoned to one of his tribe, who stepped with him into Ludgate-hill punch-house, to regale, and offer up a thanksgiving ejaculation to the exuberant genius of villainy, over a bowl of the inspiring composition.

AN

AN OLD SERVANT.

" 'Tis very hard," says his companion, (stepping in after him), "after so long a servitude, to be exposed to indigence, the vigor of life exhausted, and totally unable to apply to feeble industry, the only rescue from the frowns of a degenerate world."

"But give me thy whole story."—His venerable companion, after a short pause, told the following tale.

"An early martyr to a step-father's inhumanity, and a mother's hopeless sufferings, I was pressed to a comfortable servitude in the once happy family I have left.

"Pa-

“Patience lent me her support, and humility crowned my endeavours with her complacent smile.

“Though humble my situation, happiness beamed her cheering sun-shine on my toil, and taught me to prize virtue in her meanest attire.

“I lived but to please, and found it the concomitant of an agreeable respect.

“As I advanced in years, my alacrity in the family became more conspicuous, till I filled the most respectable service.

“The bounteous personage then at the head of the family, was one of those benignant beings whose virtues gave a lustre to
the

the county he resided in : to the family of pain he was the early harbinger of benevolence. The boundary between poverty and affluence he ever set aside, and shone in every instance a father to the fatherless.

“ In this excellent master’s service I spent forty years, near half an age of earthly happiness. Dear, happy shade ! farewell” —waving his hand with disconsolation, “we may with truth conclude thy eulogium with the following tribute of weeping affection.

“ Ne’er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,

“ Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;

“ Nor e’er was to the bowers of bliss convey’d

“ A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.”

“ Since his death, his amiable son made
the

the evening of my days as tranquil as my wishes could desire.

“ The good youth ever bore me the kindest affection ; I was always a sharer in the festivities of his childhood, and the promises of an overflowing heart at that time, have been fulfilled in many instances towards me since. About a year has elapsed since he married a fashionable Tifiphone, with much beauty and no fortune : he proved uxurious, and she tyrannical.

“ She had not been a month seated in the conjugal chair, when she took the reins of domestic government into her hand, and continues to exercise them as her tyrannous and capricious will directs.

“ As

“As I was above a servile debasement of my age, and filled a department no way connected with the province of her government, I paid no attention to her bickerings: but all I could do would not win her esteem; she was determined in the expulsion of such Gothic rubbish as she termed me, and took the opportunity, whilst my master visited London, to drive me to the situation in which you have found me.

“The agent, who is a man of great humanity, hearing of her brutal behaviour, would have given me sanctuary in his house, till some turn of fortune in my favor; but this I thought fallacious, and chose a journey to London, as my best resource, where my sister lives in easy circumstances,

H

who

58 THE ADVENTURES OF

who shared for some years the little reward of my servitude.

“But, alas!—how was I mistaken in the pursuit my heart pointed out—the fountain of affection was dry, where I hoped to slake my thirst after my journey : ---indifference took her seat beside me, to listen to my melancholy tale, and felt not the least commiseration.

“Oh, how deceitful are our brightest hopes—the pilgrim tastes a sweeter draught in the peasant’s cottage, than relatives from each other, however closely connected.”

“But have you made no essay,” says his friend, “to find out your master?”
“Yes,” says the desponding sage, “I have
been

been at Kensington, this morning, in quest of him, and have been informed where he is to be found.

“ I was enfeebled with the walk, and would have stepped into the Park to rest myself, had you not obliged me with this set down.

“ I have so much reliance on his goodness of soul, that I have no doubt of immediate relief from him.

“ He lives in this square—I wish you a good morning.”

“ I wish thee success and happiness,” says his companion. “ If thou shouldst be disappointed, return to me—I shall see a vacancy at my table till thou art provided for.”

Alas ! thought I, what a conclusion to the volume of thy virtuous life, thou hoary-headed worthy ——when happiness should have closed the page, enanguished sorrow takes up the pen to write it with her tears.

Venerable sire ! methinks I see thee in that happy region, where malice cannot hurt thee ! where the despotic rulers of this probationary life tremble before the throne of that Being, whose smiles are the resplendent mirror of virtue and benignity. Where fortune, and her serpent train, lose their unlimited tyranny, and vainly solicit to inwreath the shrine of venerable humanity.

The

The next day

Mr. T R I P

of Drury Lane theatre took a seat in me.

As I have not had an opportunity of learning the particulars of this gentleman's history, which, no doubt, would be as highly entertaining as the prettiest pensioner's in the circuit of King's Place, or Marybone ; I shall dismiss him for the present, with a little sketch of his present mode of living, communicated by a lady of the dramatic world to her companion a few days ago, as I was taking 'em to the Royal Artist's exhibition ; and which must be true, as it came from his own lips.

Ye children of Penury, who repose your
heavy

62 THE ADVENTURES OF

heavy heads on the chilling bosom of poverty and misfortune, start from your perturbed slumbers, and lend me your ears.

And you, ye greatly unfortunate monarchs of the stage itinerant world, who have each of ye, no doubt, plucked a feather from the wing of fame as white as his, in your rambles through this fluctuating world ; and who now sit as pensive as the sage bird on Minerva's helm, in the solitary den of the Black Lyon, the last sad rendezvous of heroick genius, forsake your pint of porter one minute, and look up to this prodigy of your illustrious profession !——learn of him the glorious art of living on——three shillings a * week !

* The extravagant gentleman being so deep in the Manager's books, that they, with unheard-of inhumanity, would allow him no more.

Be.

Behold him ambling with his poney, or, to use a modern and more expressive phrase, *taking the dust* in Hyde-park.

Behold him extracting sweets from the gay rose of festivity at his charming villa, with liveried Cupids behind him, and a Circassian damsel prancing with her palfrey beside him!—"Heaven! earth! sea!" what a wonderful magician!

But I will not put your feelings to the torture any longer, my poor friends; but humbly request, as you very often deal in extraordinaries, and may sometime in your chequered lives give your audiences an account of the seven wonders of the world, that you will include
this

64 THE ADVENTURES OF

this surprising instance of œconomy, these hard times, as an eighth wonder.

And so, gentlemen, I shall take my leave, recommending ye with fraternal affection to ruminate on this phœnomenon's happy secret ; and if ye should by good fortune reach the mysterious goal, shake hands with luxury in the lap of Idalian beauty, and bid poverty go whistle with her fine feathered canary birds in the elysian regions of St. Giles's.——

A few days after I became the companion of

TWO TEMPLE STUDENTS.

“ So, you breakfasted with your country cousin this morning, George ? ” “ Yes, and

and wished myself in the wilds of America by the time I had been half an hour in the room.

“That ridiculous egotist from Hibernia’s capital thrust his nose in, and disturbed the harmony of our society before he had been five minutes seated.

“You must know he stiles himself the Claude Lorrain of this age, and takes a world of pains to convince you he is the very quintessence of excellence in every science—his fine phrenzied eye explores a wondrous world of Dilletanti curiosity—talk to him of Newton, he will tell you he was a meer Partridge—a composition of sun, moon, and stars, no eye could discover but his own—talk to him of Shake-

I

speare

66 THE ADVENTURES OF

speare—he will call it a pilgrimage through the wilds of poetick dulness to read his writings, and that you may ramble through his weedy garden a full hour, before you meet a single flower to captivate.

Suffer him to take a dive into the mineral world——he rises with all the majesty of Britannia in Dryden's masque of King Arthur in a dazzling cave of ore and shell, that reduces don Saltero's genius to the applause of a cockle-gatherer——and as to painting, but that sir Joshua Reynolds is a very obstinate man, he would shew him a method of preparing colours that his pictures should outlive the lease of nature.

He was taken up short in the heat of his

ar-

argument by my friend, who begged leave to tell him a story communicated to him the day before by a reputable midwife to the muses, who had a hand in introducing a favorite literary bantling into the world.

When that charming picture of domestic life and manners, in which we can all trace some likeness of ourselves, the Vicar of Wakefield, made its appearance, the simple title of it proved just as interesting to the ingenious world as Mr. Newberry's Goody Two-shoes, or Giles Gingerbread--it consequently remained on the booksellers shelves for some time, to the oppression of the inimitable author's genius, and those concerned in the purchase of the work.

The late Lord Holland, who was universally considered a brilliant patron of men of letters ; after a fit of illness, was desirous of amusing himself with some animated performance of the novel kind. His bookseller among some others sent him the Vicar of Wakefield. He read it with the inexpressible pleasure a number have experienced since, which he communicated a few days after to a large company who dined with him. A pleasing surprize light up every sensible countenance on his lordship's account of it. When the company dispersed, and the hours of fashionable study commenced, which is, when Oberon begins his revels, their booksellers were roused from their slumbers with the
pleasing

pleasing intelligence, and in a few days the whole impression was fold.

When this anecdote was concluded, the gentleman burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring on his soul he could not find where the allusion lay to the subject in debate—"Subject in debate," says my friend, "I protest I considered it no more a subject in debate than Corporal Trim's story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles."

He did not relish the retort, so shifting his eyes to the table near him, he took hold of a volume of Melmoth's Liberal Opinions and Lord Carlisle's Poems. My friend observing him close the first as soon as he had read the title-page, asked him his opinion

nion of its merit ; he replied, he had never read it, as he understood it was written by a player. “ So,” says, my friend, “ was our illustrious dramattick bard ; so was Otway, Lee and Farquhar :—what is it to you that the first was fond of regaling himself on that delicious treat a haunch of venison, purloined by the hand of necessity or toothsome appetite—does it follow that you are to stop your ravished ears when you hear his wood-notes wild, or shew a disrespect to Viola’s beautiful description of her love ?—that man must be an idiot indeed who cannot taste a peach because it grew in the garden of his enemy, or smell a flower because he sees one with an extraordinary tint in the bosom of degeneracy.”

This

His reply to this cut the matter very short indeed, for he said he had an aversion to all modern writings.—He said he heard such a noise about the *Duenna* when it first appeared, and met such a disappointment, that he should ever despise the productions of the same author.

He had the insolence to call that pleasing performance a jumble of nonsense, inconsistency, and inanimate *painting*.

“If I ran my genius out of breath fir,” says the magician, “I could sit down and produce as good a *picture* of the comick muse, with the celerity of Voltaire, as fast as an amanuensis could commit my thoughts to paper.”

I could

I could not help expressing the utmost indignation at this pervicacious opinion of distinguished merit ; and, taking my hat, left this monster of malignity, resolving to shun him for the future as I would the viper of calumny.

What a banditti of envy, hatred and malice this wretch belongs to ;——a man of genius finds himself as disagreeably surrounded by 'em as the persecuting spirit of religion sacrificing (by the same demons that wait for a similar opportunity to do so again) in Smithfield.

Returning from the Fleet prison, this morning, where I had been with a lady, who went to spend a cheerless day with her
hus-

A HACKNEY COACH. 73

husband, I was called to a house in Fleet-street, where I took up

A TRADESMAN and HIS CHILDREN.

I soon found my companions to be of that order of beings, who toil with labour six days of the week, and indulge themselves on the seventh in making an excursion to some of the rural seats of festivity near this great capital.

They were as cheerful as the heralds of spring——nature put on her gorgeous habit to make it a day of felicity——and Phœbus was not behind-hand in enriching the prospect with his animating smiles !

K

Plea-

Pleasure was on the wing around us, bidding adieu to sloth in her smoky residence, and inviting her happy children to the celestial embraces of summer in her fragrant bower !

Happy souls ! may that short space of time allotted thee for recreation be the brightest of the year—may health be thy constant companions, and happiness carol with thee when industry wipes the sweat of toil from thy brows.

“You seem quite delighted, Louisa,” says a youth to a cheerful young lady, his sister.

“To us, Harry, whose hours are chiefly confined to the noise and bustle of a populous

pulous city, and whose knowledge of rural magnificence arises from an attentive perusal of the best pastoral poets; such a day's pleasure as this little journey promises, gives a transport to the heart unknown to any but such as feel as we do: our observations on the beauties of nature are exemplified the instant we return to solitude, and we find her beautiful features so transcendantly charming in our favorite Cunningham, that his Phillis for ever smiles before us! and the notes of his matchless pipe seem to sound eternal harmony!——Charming genius! the sweet breath of enraptured approbation shall fan the fragrant flowers of thy lovely muse, while blooming nature pours from her redundant lap the glories of her reign.”

“Apropos,” says her brother, “how do you like the pastoral Clarinda gave you a copy of yesterday?”

“It has great merit, in my opinion; the pictures are natural, and the poetry the nearest to Cunningham’s manner I have yet met with.”

“I brought it along with me, as I knew you were as fond of the subject as I, and we might indulge ourselves with the recital, where the images may be seen to more advantage than in the eye of fancy.”

The company requested my fair companion would read it for them, with which she instantly complied, with the sweetest condescension.

D A R:

D A Y :
A
P A S T O R A L.
INSCRIBED TO THE
M E M O R Y
O F
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch ;
Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple garb
Can thus command ; O listen to my song ;
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

AKENSIDE.

MORNING.

M O R N I N G.

PEEPING o'er the wide expanse,
Lo the purple morning dawns !
Melody salutes her glance,
Thrilling from the smoky lawns.

Shepherds hail the vivid light,
Glancing o'er the cottage floor :
Springing from the arms of night,
Labour opes his wicker door.

Twink-

Twinkling in an azure sky,
Brilliant Venus disappears ;
Sitting on a hillock nigh,
Mark the hare's erected ears.

Now the breezy-bosom'd east
Frolicks o'er the vernal scene ;
Whilst the flow'rets, dewy drest,
Kiss the pearly-vested green.

From the airy summit, list !
Echo flings the hollow cheer ;
Peering thro' the fleeting mist
Ships and mariners appear.

Where

Where the fairy circles lie,
 Prest by little dewy feet ;
Oft the rustic turns his eye,
 Wond'ring much what hour they meet.

Down the dale the auburn lass
 With the sky-lark carols sweet !
Briskly thro' the glitt'ring grass
 Trips the spaniel at her feet.

Bright as from Sicilian skies
 Phœbus shoots his dazzling beams,
O'er the heath the chariot flies,
 Shrilly rings the tinkling teams.

Fleet

Fleet the dappled victim deer
Sweeps along the mountain heath ;
Echo fills her trembling ear
With the swift approach of death.

While the hunter's soul's on fire,
Panting in his swift career ;
Pity's sympathizing fire
Drops th' unavailing tear.

Chirping from the blooming spray,
Sparrows seek the haggard grain :
Robin swells his matin lay,
Warbling at Louisa's pane.

Loud the village bells resound,
Hymen decks the nuptial scene ;
Mirth and harmony abound !
Lycon weds the village queen.

High above the festal band,
Blooms the braided garland gay :
Rural lovers, hand in hand,
Revel to the bridal lay.

Sweet the captive linnet's song,
Cag'd upon the limy spray,
To tyranny th' notes belong,
Lift'ning forrefters away.

Nature,

Nature, from the genial east,
Leads the nymph of beauty born !
Press the goddess to your breast,
Taste the balmy lips of morn.

N O O N.

FIERCE the torrid blaze descends,
Fervid in the clover dell ;
Faint the thirsty pilgrim bends,
To the consecrated well.

Where the primrose carpet springs,
Yellow o'er the blossom'd glade !
See his charge the shepherd brings,
Piping to his rose-lip'd maid.

Cattle from the tepid lake,
O'er the narrow vestige winds ;
To their pastures slowly break,
Driven by the languid hinds.

Silence o'er the landscape reigns,
Vocal melody is mute ;
Save the damsel's simple strains,
Bleaching where the flaggers shoot.

Browf-

Browsing o'er the founding shore,
High along the mossy rock ;
Heedless of the ocean's roar,
Dauntless sport the kidling flock.

All his martial cares at rest,
Where the rambling woodbine creeps,
Peace reposing on his breast,
There the weary foldier sleeps.

Not a zephyr fans the trees—
Mute the wings of yonder mill,
Swift the aromatic breeze,
Brushes o'er the sky-kiss'd hill.

Heed-

Heedless of the noon-tide sun,
Anxious for the nestling prize ;
Joyous see the urchins run,
Pleasure sparkling in their eyes.

Round the wall-flow'r abbey, high,
Swift the frantic mother wheels ;
Loud her wildly-wailing cry,
Now her boding bosom feels.

Gently o'er the flow'ret banks,
Falls the swain's reviving show'r ;
Lovely blooms th' enamel'd ranks,
Cherish'd in the fainting hour.

Boldly

Boldly sounds the hunter's knell,
Winding o'er the distant hills !
Sweetly rings the fleece-hid bell,
Where the mountain stream distills.

Springing to the glassy tide,
Fearless, from the bridge's height,
There the village youngers glide.
Loudly laughing at the flight.

Toil, enfeebled, quits his spade,
Flies the sun's meridian pow'r ;
While the meditative maid
Seeks the rose-encircled bow'r.

Breath-

Breathing o'er the silver spring,
 Now the mountain zephyrs rise !
 Now the thicket warblers sing !
 Now the shrill larks mount the skies !

Blithsome from the green-wood gloom,
 Flocks and herds salute the vale,
 Nature's animated bloom
 Glows with beauty in the gale.

EVENING.

E V E N I N G.

E'V'NING, Queen of rural blifs !
Now renews the shepherd's tale ;
Phœbe for his glowing kifs,
Carols o'er her balmy pail.

Drooping o'er the distant copse,
Mark the venerable fire !
Ev'ry wither'd bramble lops,
Fuel for this little fire.

M

Shep-

Shepherds rouse their slumb'ring curs!
Now the shadows mark their time ;
Bounding thro' the golden furze !
Swift they wake the wether's chime.

There the tabor's lively sound,
Charm the sprightly village train ;
Lightly o'er the verdant ground,
Phillis revels with her swain.

Vivid health the roses blend,
That the virgin's cheeks adorn ;
Whilst their fragrant pearls descend,
Brighter than the dews of morn.

Age, presents her hand to mirth,
Ere she sinks to joyless night ;
Taste the sweets of pleasure's birth,
Blisses take a hasty flight.

See, while Hebe, sportive fair !
Cheers the circle in the vale ;
See—the children of despair,
Weeping o'er the fun'ral tale.

Echo rings her solemn shell,
Slow the plaintive notes ascend——
Louder sounds the fullen knell,
That intombs the village friend.

Where the ruin'd mansion lies,
Near the ivy-mantled wall ;
Swift the sportive rustic flies,
Whirling high the bounding ball.

Sweet as attic Handel's lyre,
O'er the vivid lap of May !
Lift the shrill contending quire,
Bid adieu the smiling day.

O'er the mountain pine behold,
Slowly dawns the saffron moon !
Whilst the ocean, fringed with gold,
Hides the radiant setting sun.

Sun-

Sun-burnt labour seeks repose,
On the balmy breast of eve;
Now the pilgrim's bosom glows,
While the cottage maids relieve.

Loud resounds the rural rhyme,
May's sweet birth Sylvanus sings;
All is harmony, till time
Shades them with his halcyon wings.

Lo the face of nature veils!
Creeps in solemn pace along;
And the hollow-sounding rails,
Close it with their rustic song.

This

This little poem was just finished by the time we arrived at a sweet embowered residence near Mortlake, where the mother of my young companions resided some time for the benefit of her health.

The coachman no sooner stopped, than two little ones were all rapture for a maternal embrace—and springing to their mother's arms, felt the warm kifs of affection in an instant.

They prolonged their stay in this elysian asylum till Vesper descended in her dewy throne to reanimate the flowery creation.

Our journey to town was attended with a refreshing breeze, and joy exhilarated the

the hearts of my companions to a degree of rapture.

Dear, rational souls, farewell ! once more my benediction is thine——may care be a stranger to the threshold of your abode—and Hygiæa speedily return to it with conjugal love, and maternal felicity.

This fortnight past nothing very remarkable has occurred. It is true, indeed, I carried two unfortunate women of the town to the Marshalsea in the Borough, and accompanied the corpse of another to Pancras church-yard, where she was interred amidst the din of oaths and inebriation, not the sighs and tears of her melancholy companions.

I rock

I took an author to the levee of a Secretary of State, with a dedication imperial. Julius would not grudge a thousand pounds for; but, alas! our bard met a worse chapman, for he returned with the thumb-nail of one hand between his teeth, and the other hand feeling for something in his breeches pocket, which I believe he could not find, probably it was nothing more than the coach-fare. I shall leave the solution of this knotty point to the hebdomadal society of Greenwood's rooms, or the pupils of eloquence in Foster-lane.

Another time I accompanied an Officer in his regimentals to the Three Compasses, Chelsea, to drink fine ale, smoke tobacco, and play skittles.

A pretty

A pretty transition for a gentleman of the sword!—but, my Lord Chesterfield, I remember, in his incomparable letters, has recorded a salvo for this military wound—“every one to their liking,” says the illustrious Peer, “as the old woman said when she kissed her cow”; or, to please my poetical readers,

Each scene's a mistress unenjoy'd before,
Like travellers we're pleas'd with seeing more.

Two gentlemen troubled with an inflammation in the kidney, took a seat in me another time, to decide a point of honor behind Montague-house; but their valor, like that of Mr. Acres, “oozed through the palms of their hands”, by the time the ground was measured; so casting a look

N

on

on the prospect around 'em (for the day happened to be very fine) and a slight glance into the gloomy abode of the invisible tyrant beside 'em, whose shaft is ever sharper on this occasion than any other, they canvassed the affray, and viewed it quite in another light to what they did when it originated, and thus ended this fracas.--- Would to heaven I could say this homicidal custom !

How happy that being whose romantick habitation is far remote, with Providence his peaceful companion, free from such bickerings.

What is this world, that the children of harmony should wish to be distinguished in it ? a diadem or coronet is but a poor

A HACKNEY COACH. 99

recompense for the many heart-aches the ingenuous mind is hourly depressed with.

Let me be the companion of cheerful and honest souls, while I run my short stage in it, and I will be happy and contented.

But who have we here?



A HAIR-DRESSER.

"Where have you been so early, Sam?" says a servant who saluted him as he was stepping into me.

"Been!" says my powdered companion, in a note three pitches higher than Crawford when he damns the Venetian senators,

N 2

"I have

“I have been with a whimsical devil in May-Fair, who was taken in labour this morning at five o'clock, and could not think of lying down till her hair was dressed, as she always receives visitors in her chamber the third day after her delivery.

I could scarcely prevent myself from bursting into laughter while she was under the operation, and expected every instant to assist in another, as there was no one present, and her agony increased to such a degree that she fainted before I had finished dressing her.

If this be a part of the etiquette of fashionable life, it is surely the most ridiculous of all, and deserves the censure of every individual who have any connexion with decency.

But

But decency seldom shews her face among those beings ; that impostor that bears her name among 'em, is to be found in the loosest attire of the wanton, for ever railing at the slightest faults of others, at the same time planning schemes of seduction, and injuring the tranquility of virtue and happiness.

As fashions descend from those rulers of fortune to the other circles of life, their vices have not been behind-hand, and in a few years, I fear, we may expect to hear of a general rejoicing at the banishment of every virtue that ennobled our excellent ancestors.

“ when lust,

By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,

Lets

102 THE ADVENTURES OF

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion."

In this manner this farce of life in all probability will conclude.

This morning, an ill-looking fellow, almost breathless, with a countenance as if he had arrived exprefs from Tartary, took a feat in me, desiring the coachman to drive to Carey-street, Lincolns-Inn fields.

Regal tyrants in general are marked with an air of killing austerity—Janissaries and Swifts foldiers are compelled to wear the badges of their ferocity ; but all that language or painting can exprefs would fall short, in my opinion, to represent a runner to a sheriff's officer in London ;

at

at least such a hideous being as defiled my seat this minute.

He had not been many minutes seated, when we arrived at one of those houses of captivity, set apart, to the disgrace of English humanity, for oppressing the wretched and forlorn ; for robbing 'em, under the mask of lenity, of the only remains of extravagance or misfortune.

I was roused from this bitter reflection by the appearance of a dejected woman, who seemed to have been somewhat better than thirty years in this world of sorrow and perplexity.

Her daughter stepped in after her, and took her seat beside her.

They

They had not been long seated, when I understood she was

A WIDOW.

Commiserating reader—whose sympathetic breast heaves with the pang of anguish—whose eye swells with the invaluable gem of humanity——behold a mother and her lovely daughter plunged in the dreary abyss of misery——eloquent in their silence! gloomy reflection seated between 'em counting over years of captivity to come.

Behold in the daughter all that winning loveliness of feature, that stole into thy soul when the incomparable Zoffany's daughter

* daughter of indigence won thy applause.

The mother—but I will leave it to thyself to picture her; thy colours cannot be too fine, though thou wert to temper them with thy tears.

But I am interrupted.

“Stop, coachman!” cries a gentleman, “who have you got in your carriage?”

“Those, master, that you will have nothing to do with,—poverty and a sheriff’s officer.”

The answer was sufficient for the gentleman, who instantly got into me, and in a few minutes discharged the officer.

* See his charming picture, the Water-cress Girl.

He desired the coachman to return.

The surprise of my companions was as great as my own at this unexpected act of benevolence.

“ Good God ! my dear Mrs. Meadows,” says he, “ how could you make me such a stranger to your distress ? I have not the most ample fortune in the world, but I have ever as much in reserve as may be serviceable to a woman whose attention to me in my late illness I can never forget.—You should have opened your situation to me. But I have observed since I came to lodge with you a taciturnity attend you, that should give place to cheerfulness and convivial pleasure. What ruffian could be
so

so lost to humanity as to reduce thee to such an unhappy predicament ? ”

“ An inexorable landlord, my good sir, whose detested wiles to ensnare me into a baleful compliance of his savage will, have been fruitlessly exerted for some time, and finding a contemptuous disappointment, was determined to goad me into the inextricable toil of captivity, the last resource to effect his abandoned purpose.

“ When I returned from India—“ You have been in India ? ” says her benefactor, interrupting her. “ Yes, sir, I have slumbered in the arms of anxiety and perturbed melancholy since my sixteenth year. At that time a youth of excellent endowments, who was preparing for a voyage to India, paid

a farewell visit to a relation of his in Devonshire : there was a ball to be on the occasion at his friend's. Among the rest, the family I was then on a visit to was invited—it is needless to dwell on what passed at and a few days after the interview. In my hours of solitude, that genial spirit that delights in conjugal affection, painted a scene before me of inexpressible happiness, and left me no room to doubt the sincerity of his love : to be brief, sir, we made a clandestine marriage, and I quit the bosom of paternal serenity for the momentary embraces of youthful enterprise, and the din of an hostile world.

“ I had a small fortune at my command, which I received in London, and a few days after we sailed for Madras.

We

“ We had been in this burning region but sixteen months, when my husband was ordered into an engagement——he left me at the dawn of morning, and before twelve o'clock he was borne to my melancholy habitation, covered with wounds and just expiring.

“ My agonizing distresses at that awful crisis, the pitying God that supported me can only express.

“ In less than an hour I saw that breast on which my child reposed her head with transport in the morning, unconscious of the separation, cease from the agonies of violent anguish, and the sting of our deplorable situation.

“ In

“ In about a year after this melancholy separation, when I thought my infant could bear the fatigue of a long voyage, I embarked for London.

“ On my arrival here, I found my father who was a widower, had been dead some time ; upon which, as I had a spirit above a servile dependance on relations, I turned my thoughts to what appeared to me an eligible line of industry, and set up a toy-shop.

“ I had not been long in this situation, when I found myself deviating widely out of the road to emolument.

“ Ruminating one morning over my distresses, or rather over those of Richardson's
Cla-

Clarissa, a lady came into my shop to treat a child to a whistle.

“Perceiving a book on the counter, she was induced to see what subject could be the choice of a poor shop-keeper, as she seemed by a suffusion of contempt that crimsoned her countenance, to think me : upon which she made a few of the malignant remarks that circulate through high life, upon those beneath ’em in point of fortune, and according to their fixed opinion of sensibility.

“My placid behaviour in reply to her poignant observations, drew her eyes from the book to a critical examination of my person, my child, my shop and every thing it contained.

“When

“ When this review was over, a smile of complacency and seeming good-nature o’erpowered the glow of contempt that vanity wantonly flushed in her cheeks—it induced her to sit down—to seat my child in her lap, and regard it with that ineffable warmth of mental kindness that beams from the sweet eye of hope, on the first child of adversity in her volume of sinking suppliants.

“ Her benevolent attention awaken’d every thought of my conjugal felicity, for clouded as it was with tempestuous anxiety, it was still felicity! I endeavoured, but in vain to suppress the starting tribute to the memory of my husband——the tide of recollection was too strong, and I was obliged to retire till it subsided.

“ When

“ When she heard the particulars of my story, she proposed an easier and more advantageous method of living: an elderly lady of her acquaintance wanted a person qualified to be her companion, and to read for her; she had no doubt but I would suit her, and if I would comply with her humour, which was at times perverse and peevish, but of short duration, and whose goodness of heart in the opposite scale preponderated to make her universally beloved, she would ensure me a more comfortable and permanent settlement than the casual profits arising from the sale of a few toys.

“ There was something in this proposition that opened that pleasing prospect that elated fancy paints in her liveliest colours,

P

to

to cheer the desponding children of misfortune, and I did not hesitate to embrace it.

“ She wrote a recommendatory letter, which was paid the desired attention to, and in less than a fortnight I found myself seated between content and happiness.

“ As she had no child, and possessed that predilection for children old age is distinguished for, she insisted my daughter should be considered one of the family.

“ In this abode of tranquillity I continued for two years, when an apoplectic fit bereft humanity of one of her brightest ornaments, and left me in the arms of infelicity once more.

While

“ While I was devising some means of future support, I received a letter from the niece of my late friend, who was heiress to her fortune.

“ She was one of those unhappy females who fancied perfection dwelt only with the children of affluence: whose intellectual knowledge though of the most ordinary nature, was prized by the contemptible herd of obsequious sycophants that find adulation the unrivalled stamina of human life: upon this flimsy foundation pride and effectation reared the magnificent temple of felicity, that ruthless disappointment soon levelled to the dust.

“ This young lady seldom visited her aunt, so that I could form no opinion of her temper or disposition: she offered me

the same terms on which I lived with her, which my necessity closed with. I had not been a month in this servitude, when I foresaw my duration would be but short in it.

“As there was something whimsical in my service with this coquette, the particulars may make you smile.

“In the morning I was obliged to read by her bed-side, with the swiftest volubility I could use, a novel, consisting of letters only, for chapters she abominated : if the heroine’s tale concluded with multiplied distresses, she was, to use her own language, “a monstrous ninnyhammer” : if the catastrophe ended with white favors ! beautiful equipage ! enchanting villa ! and ten thousand a year ! her exclamation amounted

ed

ed to "what devilish luck! do you think, Betty, I shall ever be so fortunate?" A reply in the affirmative gave a brilliancy to her eyes, that the deepest scene of the pathetic would not dim.

"In this manner every morning was spent before breakfast. When that was over, the noon division was devoted to writing and answering billet-doux, and often to writing anonymous and amorous epistles to players, and those Adonis gentlemen whom dress and vanity enable to figure in the rear of the ton, appointing an interview in the Park, or some of the places of public resort.

"Her appearance was widely different from the description in her letters, by which means she and her companions enjoyed
many

many a laugh. It is certain she had a liking for a gentleman in the vocal department of the theatre ; but her pride surmounted the impulse.

“ One evening, when she knew he was to play Macheath, she made up an elegant sword-knot, which she enclosed him in a rhapsodical epistle, requesting he would wear it that evening, telling him the box she would sit in, describing her face and dress ; but she placed herself in the opposite box, and enjoyed his vanity with no small pleasure.

“ In this manner she lavished many sums that her feelings would not suffer to be appropriated to a worthier purpose.

“ I had been but six months in this disagreeable situation, when one of her female
flat-

flatterers paid her a morning visit. I happened to be in a closet adjoining the apartment they were in, unknown to either of them, and overheard the loquacious visitor, after a few compliments had been exchanged, break out with the following admonition.

“ ’Tis astonishing, my dear Belinda, that you suffer your maid to be one of your cabinet council; depend upon it you will be *monstrously* mistaken in her! I never liked them these little sharp-nos’d women; I would as soon encounter a tygres as one of them when they are *angrified*: and then you suffer her to sit while she reads for you, while my cousin in Hoxton makes her maid stand, and I’m sure one woman is as much entitled to respect as

an-

another of their vulgar breed : but my cousin knows what's what: ay and so should you too ; such wretches should be kept under, but you were always too familiar."

"I own to you, my good sir, I thought myself full mistress of patience till that minute—to hear the daughter of a mercer talk in this aggravating strain, pushed temper from her seat, and occasioned a retort, that ended in a dismissal.

"While I was turning my thoughts to open a shop of some kind, a friend advised me to open a school: the undertaking wore a promising appearance, and as it was in a good neighbourhood, I saw a feasibility of succeeding: the colours of imagination are so bright and alluring, it is no wonder we see heads of the soundest

un-

understanding wrecked in the different pursuits of life.

“I soon experienced the disagreeable effects arising from this venture: what I taught my pupils in the morning, their sapient parents undid in the evening: if I said vinegar, they said winegar; if wine, vine; if occupation, ockipication; and so on, which was deemed a great error in my tuition by all their intimates, as their vocabularies expressed it so, and it must be so.

“Anxious to be rid of this warfare of contention, I dismissed my little pupils, and furnished a small house for lodgers. Here I found myself much easier than I had been for some time. Your continuing to lodge with me from my first outset,

Q

en.

enabled me to pay for a part of my furniture that I was indebted for; I was not pressed to discharge the whole arrear.

“This persecuting monster desired me, as he had no immediate occasion for his rent, not to mind paying it till I found it convenient. This machination succeeded to his base desire, and finding me unable to satisfy an immediate demand for a year’s rent, he threatened me with captivity, if the contents of a letter he sent me was not answered to his satisfaction.

“This threat I spurned from me, and desired but two days to settle with him: mean time I offered him, together with this picture, what was equivalent to the debt.”

That

“ That picture ! my dear madam !— permit me to examine the features—there is no mystery in it ! every lineament salutes my glowing heart ! and tells me it is Henry’s—my early, faithful, and valued friend !”

“ Your friend ! did you say, sir ?”

“ Yes, my dear fugitive ! is it not the picture of Henry Meadows of Primrose Vale ?”

“ It is, sir,”

“ Then I am happy—superlatively so, since I have been any way instrumental in your preservation.

“ You have an uncle still living ?”

“ Yes, sir, but he is inexorable.”

Q 2

“ Quite

“Quite the reverse : it is not six weeks since he advertised to hear some tidings of you, and continued his enquiry till he thought it of no avail.

“I am angry with myself for not enquiring into your story before : in this I adhered too closely to London curiosity, that revels with luxury in one floor, inattentive to the next, which is oft the miserable abode of pain and wretchedness.

“But days of happiness are now before you, and felicity waits to crown you with the blessing of forgiveness.”

I parted from those happy companions with a transport at heart I had not experienced for some time.—These unexpected smiles of fortune convince me more and
more

more that the truly good are heaven's peculiar care.

This day, while public festivity reigned throughout this extensive capital, in honor of the birth of our most excellent monarch; while the children of curiosity were hurrying to St. James's to see the splendid favorites of fortune, and the royal offspring, I had the felicity of taking up the parent of an immortal offspring, the illustrious and venerable father of

THE RAMBLER,
DOCTOR J * h * n * s * o * n * .

Immortal fire! what an inestimable treasure thy unlimited and inexhaustible genius has favored the world with!—how lovely the smallest flower of thy elysian
muse

muse !—thy contemplative eye never gazed on calamity without a commiserating tear, and the sweet hand of silent bounty extended to administer instant relief.—As the lark, whose matin powers eclipse all others that are heard to usher in Aurora, so thy transcendent abilities preeminently shine beyond the lustre of all others thy numerous cotemporaries, the greatest of whom need not feel a pang in decking the magnificent tiara of the muses for thy brows.

I was roused from this pleasing reverie in less than a minute after he left me, by seeing him follow a poor woman with a child in her arms, and put some money in her hand.

That benign impulse that rules the divine

vine heart, pressed him to survey the object of his bounty: when he had walked about twenty paces from her, he saw her still standing in the same situation:—compassion lent him here brightest tear, and led him back, with hurried pace, to administer a larger portion of his benevolence--Still he was not satisfied—the little suppliant with looks powerfully eloquent drew from his pocket a third portion.

Methought the motion of his steps were as light as tho' he trod in air when he parted from 'em.

Ye pupils of the renowned and mighty Chesterfield, whose studies are bounded by the graces, for once quit your mystical tuition, and pay some regard to a fire whose principles are less mysterious, and are surely

ly of a more resplendent nature——so shall virtue and her attendant cherubs visit your dwellings, and the portal of futurity open to your immaculate spirits scenes of celestial repose.

Returning from Kensington this afternoon, where I had been with a Circassian nymph of King's Place, who was hurrying to the embraces of fortune and momentary affection, I took up

TWO GENTLEMEN.

They desired the coachman to drive to

The HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

“ You are not as constant in your visits to Colman, Charles, as you were to Foote.”

“ No,”

"No" says his companion, "for though I think highly of Henderson's abilities, nay look on some scenes in his Hamlet with more pleasure than I ever felt from Garrick's representation of it; yet I never sit in that house without a lively retrospect of the incomparable Foote's astonishing abilities.

"So fond am I at times of dwelling on this theme, that I indulge myself for hours in reviewing the wit and humour of his unbounded and versatile genius.

"There are fiends existing who have been daring enough to attempt to tear the Parnassian laurel from his brows, and blast the brilliant beauties of his muse; such an attempt has been licensed by those whose

R

ada-

ly of a more resplendent nature——so shall virtue and her attendant cherubs visit your dwellings, and the portal of futurity open to your immaculate spirits scenes of celestial repose.

Returning from Kensington this afternoon, where I had been with a Circassian nymph of King's Place, who was hurrying to the embraces of fortune and momentary affection, I took up

TWO GENTLEMEN.

They desired the coachman to drive to

The HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

“ You are not as constant in your visits to Colman, Charles, as you were to Foote.”

“ No,”

"No" says his companion, "for though I think highly of Henderson's abilities, nay look on some scenes in his Hamlet with more pleasure than I ever felt from Garrick's representation of it; yet I never sit in that house without a lively retrospect of the incomparable Foote's astonishing abilities.

"So fond am I at times of dwelling on this theme, that I indulge myself for hours in reviewing the wit and humour of his unbounded and versatile genius.

"There are fiends existing who have been daring enough to attempt to tear the Parnassian laurel from his brows, and blast the brilliant beauties of his muse; such an attempt has been licensed by those whose

R

ada-

adamantine hearts abjure the dictates of justice and humanity.

“ But this malevolence will be of short duration ; his dramatic pictures have a strength of colouring calumny cannot tarnish, and after ages shall exhibit as the glorious test of a masterly designer.

“ We have been told the fire of his satire was extinct at his dissolution ; perish such a vague opinion ! engendered by the baleful offspring of hate and envy. As well insinuate that Massenger’s immortal genius, who, because it sees the face of an audience but once or twice in a century, dwells in oblivion.

“ Observe his characters throughout, you will find them the offspring of a fertile
and

A HACKNEY COACH

and unstudied ingenuity, he holds up a mirror up to nature with all the satirical propriety:—the villain trembles at his likeness, the uxorious simpleton is amazed at his jugal follies.

“In short, I do not think the human life wear a stronger resemblance to any author,—Shakespeare excepted.

“If we lead him from the convivial circle, where shall we find a fellow?—lives there a man so good as not to place him in the class of Aristophanes, in preference to the circle.

“Accompany him to retired life, and find charity and humanity his guests: never forgetting, like me,

ty, holding the
h all the force of
e villain beholds
kenefs ! and the
mazed at his con-

nk the manners of
er resemblance in
re excepted.

n the stage to the
shall we find his
man so degenerate
in the throne of
erence to any in

etired life, we will
ity his inseperable
like many others of
greater

greater affluence, that people existed who had rendered him assistance in their days of power and independence.

“Errors are incident to human nature : the share that fell to his lot were blended with infamy by the delinquents of his satire ; till truth found it an arduous task to call reason to her aid ; and in the end found a stigma that she started from with horror ! propagated by a meretricious peers of the most abandoned sensuality, whose horrid detraction, assisted by a powerful fortune, plunged a poniard in his breast that pierced him to the soul—and bereft the admirers of sterling genius of this singular and martyred phenomenon.”

I thought this testimony of truth worthy preservation, and I am convinced many of my readers, who knew the worth of this

traordinary genius, have given, ere this, the tribute of a sigh to a memory so dear to the heart of sensibility.

THE DISCONTENTED GROCER.

“ So, my old friend,” says a grey-headed old gentleman, addressing a man turned of sixty, who had both taken a feat in me, “ you could not find that bliss in rural retirement you tasted behind your old counter in Whitechapel. The harmony of birds—the tranquillity of the cottage—the sweet sylvan amusements, where sportive health exhibits her enchanting smiles, —where the footsteps of felon care are seldom traced; all these failed to secure that happiness that sickens within the noisome precinct of incessant industry.

What

134 THE ADVENTURES OF

“ What a perversion of heavenly felicity !

“ My heart is led to elysium, when I think on that happy period that will set me free from this scene of endless discord ; where contumely, in the livery of fortune, o’erleaps the sacred barrier of virtue, and riots on her beauteous daughters with impunity.

“ Sacred, sacred shall be the happy hour that gives me to the chaste and maternal embraces of content, though reposing on a rushy couch ; if I send a sigh to this capital, may I be as discontented as thou art.

“ But tell me, how did you spend your time ? methinks your journal would prove highly amusing, abounding with whimsical originality.”

“ You

“ You may laugh, and wonder, my old friend, and all that ; but I tell you again and again I could not taste all those charms you talk of with such rapture.

“ As to the harmony of your birds, I’ll be shot but I’d rather hear the little Jew musick-grinder that plays every day in our street.

“ And your silent shades, as you call ’em, why, they’re fit for nobody but mad poets, and poor devils troubled with the hip.

“ And as for health, why, man, I have been troubled with a wheezing ever since I left Whitechapel ; and am certain, if I continued another month in their pure air, as they call it, the sexton of their parish
would

136 THE ADVENTURES OF

would make me one of his church-yard bows, to put me in mind of the good office he speedily intended me.

“ There’s my nephew, that I took down with me, he is just as romantic as you : gets up at sun-rise every morning--climbs to the top of an old mulberry tree, and sits reading Grey odes, and Thompson out of his reason, I think he calls it.” “ No, no, my old friend, it is Thomson’s seasons.” “ Ay, it may be so, I could never relish such things ; but since the parson, who is an excellent preacher, told me of the boy’s ingenuity, I will spare no expence in his education : not that I think it signifies much, for my porter that was, who now keeps a great grocer’s shop, and cannot write his name, is more respected on’Change than our
old

old friend of the Minorities, with his Latin, and Greek, and all that.

“Now, you know I’m no scholar, and yet the Lord of the Manor never met me but I was complimented with one of his fine court bows, while the little Doctor, who is a comical dog, and I am told a man of learning, was always passed by without the least notice.

“I am determined my boy shall be a scholar for all that.

“He has got a devilish clever fellow with him, that I found starving in a garret in Petticoat-lane, with a wife and two children. I happened to be passing by their habitation about a year ago, and heard the neighbours pitying ’em very much, while

S

a raf-

a rascal was running away with their little furniture for rent due to the landlord.

“ I went up stairs, and found the room stripped of every thing—the wife in a state of madness—and the children hanging upon their father—who could not speak a word—when I entered.

“ I brought ’em all home, and in a few days took ’em down to the country.

“ My boy took a liking to the poor man, who is a good scholar, and a very honest fellow: I fitted up a comfortable house for the wife and children.

“ The village very fortunately wanted a school-mistress. I recommended the poor woman, who, I understand, has been very well educated. The parish is very happy in
the

the choice I made for 'em, and they are now as happy and contented as much richer people. So that you see, my old friend, I have not been idle."

"Indeed, my good friend, I think you have employed your time in the noblest manner : the pleasure you must have felt at heart on the completion of this act of humanity, could be only equalled by the warmest testimony of their gratitude.

"This little passage in your journal I venerate ! the impression it has made on my heart will never be effaced."

"Think of it no more."

"But how do you intend to spend your time in London now that you are out of business ?"

“I’ll tell you.—The young man who is now master of my shop, is very active and industrious : as he is a single man, of a good disposition, and I know many of my old customers would like to see my face again, I think I may serve him by superintending his business.

“It will appear strange to many, but I assure you I would feel more pleasure at heart in the exercise of attending a grocer’s shop, than any amusement you can mention. Custom, custom, my old friend, and that of thirty years standing, is not easily surmounted. I dare swear the flavor of your wine would be disagreeable in any house but our old rendezvous, at least I have found it so.”

“Why faith, there you are right ; where-
ever

ever the affections centre, it is not the trial of a day can court 'em to a new settlement, however alluring.—You have my warmest wishes in every situation.—Farewell.—”

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A Highwayman!—a Highwayman!—stop the Highwayman!—roared a number of voices in full pursuit of him.—

He was breathless with the fatigue of running; and as an affrighted mortal will catch at a shadow, to shield him from the approaching danger, he whipt my door open, and flung himself into me, telling my driver he would give him five guineas to free him from his pursuers.

He ran the hazard, and off we drove like lightening.

As

As the night was pretty dark, his apprehensions of a discovery of his number vanished.

Thus can the *pilot* at the helm of a *state* favor a criminal's escape, however atrocious his crime, though *justice* should cry aloud for punishment.

When we had got through a few bye streets, and his fears had a little subsided, he gave vent to the following discovery.

“What a fortunate escape—sure of all the miserable wretches under *Heaven*, I am the most unfortunate—three attempts since morning and foiled in all.

“The capture of my horse will certainly

tainly lead to a discovery——Perdition on the pavours for tearing up the street.—— But for my fall there, my horse would have left my pursuers in Kensington, and I should be a mile beyond danger.

“ I will instantly set out on my journey to my *father's*, the little I have left will bear me to his hospitable home——it is much better I should go myself, than perhaps a melancholy account of my execution.

“ *London*, farewell——thou nurse of every virtue——and every vice.——I fly from thee with a breaking heart that fluttered with felicity when I first approached thee.

“ Why did I fly from rural tranquillity, the seat of earthly happiness, to seek in thy
fluc-

fluctuating scenes a bliss superior to what I have tasted?

“But how shall I discharge the *coachman*? I promised him what I have not got.--It is better he should be disappointed of his fare, than I, perhaps, of what he may rob me of——my life. I have but this for it.”

Saying which, he opened the door, and jumping on the pavement, escaped in an instant.

This poor youth's liberty gave me the highest pleasure: his return to his father's embraces, whose happiness probably centered in him, and the industry of whose life was carefully preserved for his future independence; every humane mind will rejoice at.

A FOR-

A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

This little Jew-looking fellow had not been long seated, when he addressed a comely young man, his companion, who I understood was his privy councillor and secretary, in the following elaborate manner.

“ You knows as how, Mr. Rhymewell, my success in this enterprise will bring grist to both our mills : this epistle of yours is vastly superior to that I sent Miss ---- of my brother Jamie’s writing, which will give her a higher idea of my passion ; she is a lovely angel, that’s flat ; and if you had but seen us at Bermondsey Church last Sunday, you would never forget it.

T

“ The

“The old hunk. her father, is very fond of her, and will give her ten thousand pounds, though he is but a tanner; which you will say is a great fortin. I never fails going to Bermondsey Church every Sunday, which has given room for many to say I have left the anabaptist meeting; but you know (as the man in mourning says in the play) “there’s metal more attractive” at church

“The conclusion of your letter hit off my passion to a T, that’s flat; she must be all adoration when she peruses it.

“I dare say now it did not cost you much time in writing it; ah, you men of genius are fortnit fellows: I forget how the latter part of it runs, but it’s vastly fine and
har-

harmonus, that's flat: will you repeat it?"

To this his companion readily assented, with an air of as much importance as the stiffest pedant at Oxford or Cambridge, in the following quotation.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire,
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

"Oh, dear—I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans."

"There's a happy thought for you, my little amoroso!" "Groans, Mr. Rhymewell, is an ugly expression; if you had said sighs or tears it would be much better; she'll take me for one of Wesley's melancholy congregation." "Tut, man, you may tell her, Hamlet makes use of the same word

in a passage very similar to yours, but very inferior.

“ If this fails to succeed, I shall never put faith in the dignity of numbers, or the finest flight of rapture. Antony’s genius, in her happiest hours, never penned any thing so sublime to his bewitching Egyptian ; nor Waller to his Sacharissa !”

“ Pray who was Carsahissa ?” “ What don’t you know ?—she was a sister to Cleopatra, and is now an Egyptian mummy in the British Museum.”

By this time we arrived within a few doors of the Lady’s ; when it was settled that Mr. Rhymewell should be the harbinger of the happy intelligence, to which he, with a degree of uncommon ardor, assented.

He

He had not been five minutes gone, when he returned, with a very rueful countenance and the letter unopened

Doctor Slop in the mire——La Fleur flung by his bidet——no, nor the thrice-reverend George Whitefield caught by one of his pious flock in the arms of his angelic Parawanka, could not have exhibited a finer picture for risibility than my disappointed innamorato.

“Flesh and blood,” cries my impassioned lover, “cannot buffet this tide of disappointments! To be foiled twice in one week, is too much for a man of superabundant feelings.

“But I’ll turn my thoughts to Devonshire street where success will not fail to crown me with her laurels.

“But

"But she has but five thousand pounds."

"Pshaw!" says his friend, "what mole-hills you make of mountains in this business; five thousand pounds have a million of charms in your present critical predicament; attack her in propria personæ, make her female cher ami your friend, by flattery and presents, and my life on't 'twill exceed the finest paper eloquence in the renowned Noble's patch-work vatican of literature! the butchery of novel love! If you once despond, you may lie at the bottom of fortune's wheel as long as a two-guinea novel-writer, there, or an itinerant actor in a methodistical village.—A thought has just started, that may be of service to you; you say she is ancient?"

"Yes." "I'll furnish you with a glib-tongu'd
Mer-

Mercury that shall use some stinging words in her hearing, as she comes out of church next Sunday--such as,---ape leader, what an object of contempt an old maid is——and a few of the poignant epithets that shoot with violent malignance from the torturing tongue of scurrility : these have powerful efficacy in thawing the icy current that freeze those vestals to the heart.

“ I shall call on you in the evening, when this matter can be adjusted with spirit over a bottle of your hoarded Old Hock: but you must not cork it after the second glass, as you did last night ; it shews a meanness of soul, and is beneath the dignity of a votary at Cupid or Anacreon’s hallowed shrine. Adieu !”

This

This florid gentleman's rhetorick was delivered with the volubility of a Caledonian's pedigree, or the little short-tailed Cicero of Coach-makers-hall, mounted on the stilts of oratory; so that my fortune hunting companion had not time to reply; when we stopped at his house in Goodman's fields.

Alberti could not feel more pleasure parting from the dreary confines of the quick silver mine of Idra, than I, in being rid of this despicable being, whose ignorance and physiognomy would put female sensibility to the blush, though stripped of what he is in full pursuit of; and clad in the meanest attire of indigence.

May that genius that ever presides over female excellence, repulse his machinations
and

and shield from his serpent embrace the credulous and inexperienced maid.

THE DEMIREPS.

“ This evening shall be dedicated to pleasure”, says a city youth, handing two lively women into me; it is but seldom I can breathe the salutiferous air on this side *Temple-bar*---the yard and the pen are the hateful instruments of my captivity; for ever toiling for a curmudgeon that has not set a foot in *Pleasure's* flowery path since the first morning he open'd his own shop: ---a fellow ever tantalizing those around him with his “wise saws and modern instances.”—What say you, my sweet *Cleopatras*---don't you think such garrulous prigs deserve impalement?”

“ I can't say I understand that punishment,”

U

ment," says one, "but if they were left to the punishment I would inflict, they should be confined from their smoaking clubs, and city-feasts, which I believe would be as rigorous.—But see---*Lydia*---yonder goes our old *Cully Lord*—What an abominable wretch," says she.—“How abominable?” says the youth. “I will tell you.—*Lydia* and I are but a month returned from *Paris*, where we were with this odious *Peer*.—He supported us pretty tolerably during the expedition, though we saw his face but twice in the time: when he sat us down at our lodgings, on our arrival; and when he took us up on our departure.

“He took us there to screen him from the imputation he labours under, which is the most shocking in the list of infamy—. The deception lost its effect before he was a month in that city, and he found it expedient to secure himself by flight shortly after.”

“Then

“ Then we shall shift the dreadful punishment of impalement,” says the youth, “ from the old prig to this hideous being, and wish it him speedily.”

“ I am told,” says she, “ there will be a large assemblage at *Bagnigge Wells* this evening.” “ Well remembered,” says the youth, “ I love to figure in the gay multitude—that scene is rising to universal estimation, every year—the pretty *damsels* in *Harris’s Catalogue of Paintings* drew the purblind race of *connoisseurs* and *virtuosos* to gaze on the *roses* and *lillies* that bloom in every walk there in the evening—when the flowers of *nature* fold themselves to rest on *Cynthia’s* bosom—the silly multitude followed.—Taste finds a residence in every man’s breast, from the *Peer* to the *Cobler*; and who could be blind to the transcendent beauties, the spy-glasses of *Britannia* discover in every clime, their own in particular, when lovely *women*

are the subject?—As we are near the delicious scene, let us make an appearance there.”

His “sweet *Cleopatras*”, as he called them, readily assented, and they entered the motley throng, awake to pleasure only.

Thoughtless beings! the hour may yet arrive, when corroding care and heart-wringing reflection will be the sole companions of thy silent walks, for this waste of youthful happiness.

God forbid I should wish it to thee.

An elderly gentleman, this evening, dropped the following letter from his pocket, which I found a few minutes after I parted from him. The contents are every way worthy the head and heart of a man, whose knowledge of life is derived from judicious and extensive observation.—It is addressed to a gentleman of Ireland, a
friend

friend of his, and gives an excellent picture of a modern

BOARDING-SCHOOL TUTRESS.

My dear friend,

My intentions to serve the subject of your letter, were frustrated before she had been a month in my family. The picture you enclosed me of her was painted with the magic pencil of an animated admirer, whose colours were too alluring in this age of vicious refinement to charm the affections for any desirable length of time. I endeavoured, but in vain, to place her in a family of distinction, compatible with the merit you told me she possessed.

One lady was displeas'd with her discordant tones, or what is better understood here, her brogue : her retort was every way derogatory to the dignity of a gentlewoman, or a finished tutress : she insisted her English was harmonious and correct, and the lady's vulgarism. I need not tell you how this terminated.

Another lady happened to mention how particular she was in having about her children a preceptor free from the inelegance of dress female book-worms in general are distinguished for ; her taking fire at this observation I don't much wonder at, as I think the Ophelia of an itinerant company of the sock and buskin could not excite more risibility than she has done by her gypsey manner of dress since she stepped into polished life here.

It is not enough, my good friend, that a woman, who is in a great measure to form the manners of a rising family, should be only proficient in reciting passages from the works of writers of eminence : this is the least, in my opinion, of a preceptor's good qualities : it is the hackney'd deception to surprise the illiterate into a belief of astonishing sensibility ; and too often succeeds, to the detriment of many young
fe-

females committed to the care of such immature beings.

If a friend does me the honor of a visit, he must before he sits five minutes take a slice of Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison, which, she has taken care to inform my family a hundred times, she was loudly applauded for reciting on your side the water.—If my friend should happen to shew his surprise at her uncommon familiarity by a slight perusal of her face, she whispers one of my daughters that it is very amazing she cannot compliment the company without such an insensible creature falling in love with her, which is really very distressing.

She wears the picture of an Officer, as a testimony of her superlative attractions, protesting, with a smile, her contempt for the original ; but she did it in compliance with the poor captain's request before his departure for the West Indies.

One hour she is lavish in the praises of
an

an amiable woman to whom she was a mistress in D——, who shewed her many marks of a steadfast friendship; this amiable friend, the next hour, is the very essence of idiotism, as unlettered and as rustically accomplished for the department she fills, as Shenstone's hedge school-mistress.

This afternoon I was out about an hour, when she insinuated to my wife that she was convinced I had a mistress in keeping; or I could not be so fond of quitting a society every evening, of which she was a member. My wife smiled at the accusation, yet pitied her because she was friendless, and in an uncertain state which way to turn.

In short, my friend, a hundred sittings would not finish this picture to make it a compleat likeness; those are the meer outlines: was truth to sit down and finish it, and give it a place in her exhibition of unworthies, perfection would start from
it

it with as much detestation as virtue feels when calumny rends the bosom of the fairest flower in her paradise of chastity.

That you, whose penetration I have a high opinion of, should be so mistaken, surprises me very much. I protest to you with the fervency of truth, I would not be the agent to introduce this woman into the bosom of a happy family, to purchase an empire.

Heavens !—how circumspect we should be to protect our little ones from the great glare those leeches of the muses continually spread to dazzle their infant senses ! There is a magic in poetry that seldom fails to enchant ; it gives a polish to young minds every other species of literature cannot attain : this, by an unskilful governante, may be improperly administered, which often happens : inattention to every thing but the harmony of versification, eternal reciting, and gleaning this

X

fer-

fertile field to compose acrostics and rhyming pledges of unbounded love, conclude this ridiculous farce of education, and makes many a parent bestow the same respect on sublime genius the lower order of beings in this country (I am sorry to say it) pay to a necessary knowledge of letters.

It is an excellent saying of that energetic writer, Ganganelli, that "every woman who reads much is infected with vanity." There may be exceptions to this truth, but I had never the pleasure to sit in company with one.

I write this to apprise you of her return. She leaves London to-morrow. If she proves as troublesome in your abode as she has done in mine, you will wish her in another month a speedy journey to Siberia or Crim Tartary.——Adieu.

Some

Some time after I took up two gentlemen, one of which I soon found to be

A DRAMATICK AUTHOR.

“Tell me no more Tom, of abortive scribes—imperious managers—such soporific logic lulls me instantly. You take me for somewhat better, I hope, than a sonnet-teer journeyman to the reigning Bickerstaff, or the somnus compiler to that illustrious puppet to Apollo in the Strand, whose pragmatic chatter in his raree-show box of the British bards, is to the full as offensive as Norris’s Hamlet at Richmond theatre.

“Though the managers were all Viziers, I care not this fico for them.

“What, shall a production crowned with the approbation of the judicious, whose studies the muses with pleasure preside in; shall their opinion give way to a recommendation from a titled idiot, written in

the ebon chair of dulness? I will not think it !”

“ If you will not ” rejoined his companion, “ embrace your error, a few minutes will convince you of the justness of my observations. I tell you again and again, if the spirit of Congreve dictated every line of it in the happiest mood, seated in Johnson’s celestial garret *, which must be confessed on all hands the very pinnacle of sublimity, managerial patience would not get beyond the title page in twelve months, while the smile of a popular peer would keep the manager’s countenance in harmony, and induce him to an instant review of the phrensyed bombast of a magnificent study in Berkley square: and he should write his applause with a furor divinus under the finis of the delectable jeu d’esprit. ———

But here the despot resides.——I shall wait in the coach till you return.

We

* Vide the Rambler, vol 3.

We were not detained above an hour, when my companion returned, with disappointment visibly painted in his countenance. Well," says his prophetic monitor with a smile, "What success?"—"Success!" replied the other, "that which attends a protestant in the Inquisition; a great many impertinent questions, and not an answer to any of them believed. Perish the whole tribe!"

"Come, come," says his friend, "you have been used much better than I expected; I know an ingenious writer that left a piece with the late Mr. Garrick some years, and he never obtained an answer.

"But tell me, who did you see there?"—In a corner of the room sat a bard, whose face I have long known, in rusty morning, as lean as a soldier's dog; indignation flushing his cheeks one minute, and anguish exhibiting her deadly ensign in 'em the next,—Alas poor genius!

But

But think of my astonishment when I beheld that engregious representative of Barry, as he calls himself, who dined in company with us yesterday ; waiting to request the manager would permit him to treat his audience with the best likeness of the deceased Lear.

To add to the mirth arising from this whim-sy, he informed me that he brought from Ireland the very habiliments, from the old King's caxen to his velvet shoes, that poor Barry played in, which the extravagant monarch, in one of his lunatic humours, no doubt, pledged with this theatrical pawnbroker, together with his wardrobe, for three hundred pounds, a few years preceeding his death.

“ He assured me the Hibernian critics, from Dr. Wilson, the first censor in their college, to the very lamp-lighter of the theatre royal there, enthroned him long since in
the

the chair their renowned countryman filled with such distinguished lustre. And there was not a perfection Barry was master of, but he was equally great in, from the melting tenderness of Jaffier to his unrivalled performance of Lord Townly.—I set this down, egotism, instantly. I was justified in so doing by a review of his person and manner, that plainly threw this fine-coloured picture of his instantly into shades, and left not a trace of the matchless player's excellence he arrogantly presumes to exhibit."

What a ridiculous errand to London! a man, who (if report may be credited) has realized by the poverty of his neighbours a fortune of sixteen thousand pounds, making a journey to strut and fret his hour, and shine

"Like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes,"

amidst a polished people, and then return with the thorny crown judicious Woodfall bestows on the knight errants of dramatic
for—

168 THE ADVENTURES, &c.

fortune that rant within the pale of his criticism. — Adieu.

F I N I S.



This Day is published, in a Pocket Volume,

A NEW EDITION, corrected,

OF

THE TOUR OF HOLLAND,

DUTCH BRABANT, the AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS,
and PART of FRANCE;

In which is included a DESCRIPTION of PARIS and
its ENVIRONS.

With a MAP of HOLLAND and the NETHERLANDS,
from the last Surveys.

•• This Work is become particularly interesting to the
English Traveller, as the NETHERLANDS are now
the only Key to the Continent.

